

PR
4271
B4A17
1850

A
AA000 366 676 5



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

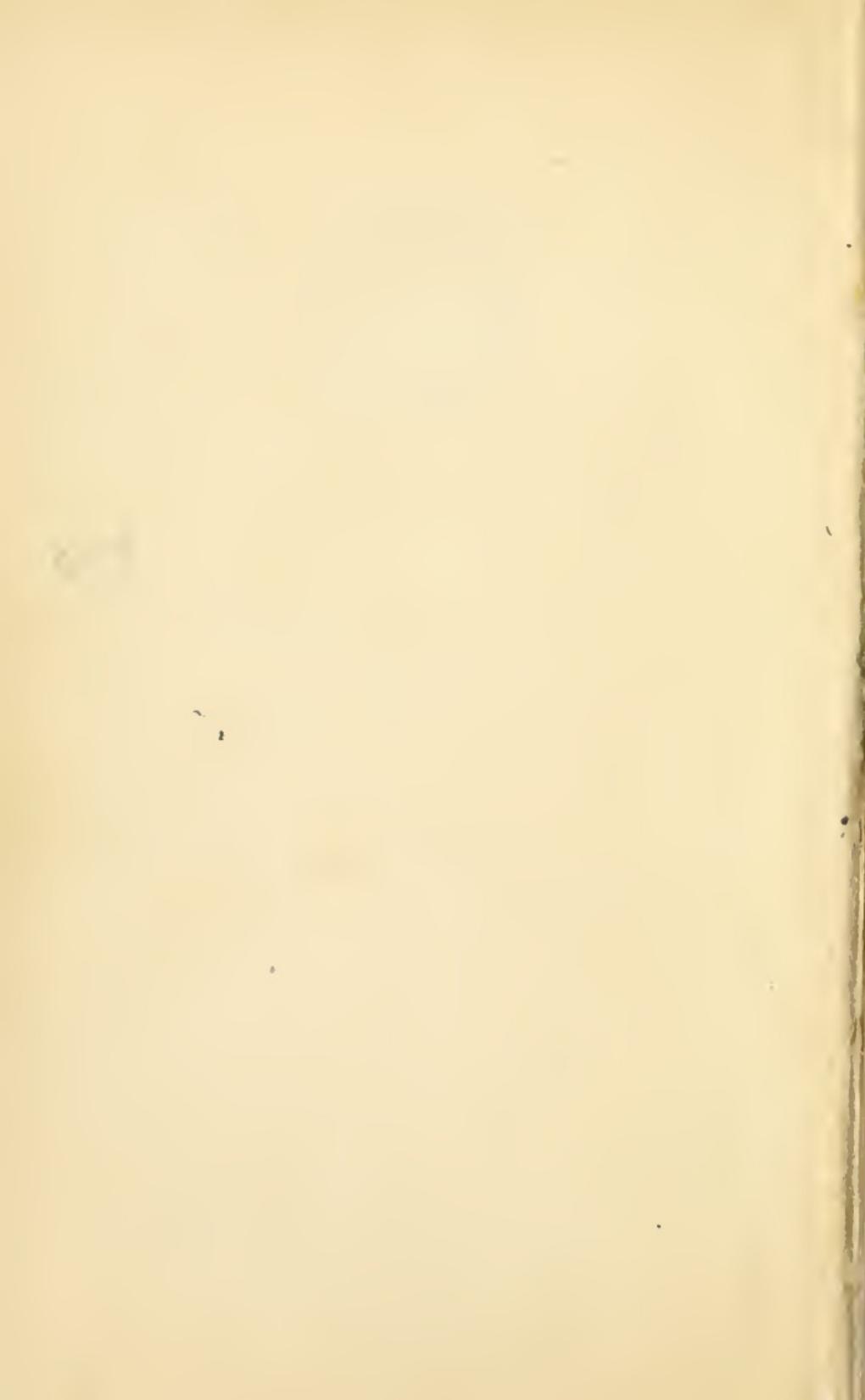
HENRY BURGE





THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



P O E M S.

BY

HENRY BURGESS.

"They are small enough to be embraced; and, if we cannot repose beneath them, as under a tree, we can bear them in our breast, like flowers."

Edinburgh Review.

LONDON :
BENJAMIN L. GREEN.
1850.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PR
4271
By A. J.
1850

TO THE

MOST NOBLE THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE,

These Poems

ARE, BY HER LADYSHIP'S PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

937784

Lately Published, price 1s., tastefully bound,

EMINENT PERSONAL RELIGION THE WANT
OF THE TIMES.

BY HENRY BURGESS.

"This little work has especial claims. It does most admirably, most kindly, most faithfully, exhibit the perennial sources of a Christian's inefficiency.

Eclectic Review, October, 1849.

BENJAMIN L. GREEN, PATERNOSTER ROW.

CONTENTS.

	Page
THE POET'S PRAYER	1
EVENING	2
TO TIME	9
ON TURK MOUNTAIN, IRELAND	12
THE WAKENED HARP	13
THE PORTRAIT	14
THE SLIGHTED LOCK	16
CARDIFF CASTLE	17
THE FLORIST'S FAREWELL TO THE YEAR	18
THE PLEADING OF THE FLOWERS	19
THE EVENING PRIMROSE	21
THE DAHLIA	23
TO AN ORANGE	24
SWIM WITH THE STREAM	25

	Page
INSENSIBILITY	27
A MOTHER'S PRAYER	28
THE FAREWELL	29
THE PAINTED PROW	31
THE SMILING DEAD	32
"THE HEARTS WHICH BEAT WITH LOVE TO ME"	33
THE HOPE OF HEAVEN	35
THE ADOPTED CHILD	36
THE MUMMY OF ISRAEL	38
ON A LOCK OF HAIR	39
LET ME GO FOR THE DAY BREAKETH	40
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MY HEART WAS LIGHT	41
THE IMMURED NUN	42
FOR A VOLUME OF POEMS	44
THE FIVE STARS	45
THE BURNED FLY	47
THE WARNING	48
THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE	49
TRUE LOVE	51
THE TALE OF A SKULL	52
ON A LADY IN A DECLINE	56
ON HENRY MARTYN	57

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER	58
THE WAR IN CANADA	59
ON HEARING THE ORGAN OF LUTON CHURCH, AT NIGHT	60
SONNETS TO QUEEN VICTORIA	62
TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL	64
THE FLIGHT OF TIME	65
FOR WISDOM	67
FOR ACTION	68
TEARS	69
" WHICH THINGS THE ANGELS DESIRE TO LOOK INTO "	70
ON ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH, CAMDEN TOWN	72
THE DISEASE	74
THE REMEDY	75
REASON	76
PESTAL	77
" BRIGHTER DAYS WILL COME "	78
SATURDAY EVENING	80
THE PREPARATION FOR THE SABBATH	81
" NOUS AVONS TOUJOURS LE DIMANCHE "	82
A MINISTER'S PRAYER ON A SABBATH MORNING	84
A SABBATH EVENING'S LAMENT	85
PRAYER FOR THE WHOLE CHURCH	87

	Page
ON A MISSIONARY MEETING IN MAY	88
TO DEATH	89
THE DEATH-BED	91
"THERE'S NOTHING BRIGHT BUT HEAVEN"	95
SAUL	97
THE SPIRIT'S WELCOME TO HEAVEN	100
THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATER	101
CHRISTIAN COURAGE	102
TO MY FIRST-BORN	103
TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER	104
ON READING LORD BROUHAM'S EULOGY ON CLARKSON .	105
ARCHDEACON TATTAM	106
"MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART"	107
TO A CHILD PRAYING	109
TO MY SON ROSCOE	110
TO A LITTLE GIRL	112
TO THE SAME	113

POEMS.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

OH Thou, whose spirit widely given
To those on earth and those in heaven
Who humbly wait on Thee,
Can light with thought the darkened mind,
And make it from all sin refined
Thy living home to be,—
Assist me while I try in song,
Themes which to heaven and earth belong.

As from the heart the mouth doth speak,
Oh let some rays of beauty streak
My heart's most secret cell ;
That hues of truth by fancy caught,
May in my humble song be brought
In every line to dwell,
And in my thoughts there may appear
Thy own reflected character.

Oh Christ ! thou choicest gift to man,
What human intellect can scan
Thy purposes benign.
But deign within my heart to be,
And every note of minstrelsy
Shall utter truths divine ;
Fill but my soul with love of THEE,
And every strain thy praise shall be !

EVENING.

WHEN eve's soft silence calls the world to rest,
And pearly dews alight on parched flowers ;
When general nature lists to His behests,
Who brings the calm and tranquil evening hours ;
And round the horizon's scope no tempest lowers ;
I seek, midst peaceful scenes alone to dwell,
And wake to life my over-wearied powers ;
What charms this silence brings I know full well,
When heaven's expanded dome becomes my hermit cell.

From day's bright sunshine I would now retire,
Yet would not seek the thicker gloom of night ;
But with a sky which painters all admire,
When deeper shades commix with beams of light,

Without fatigue then roves the wandering sight,
And greets each fading object from afar ;
A darkling valley, or a hill-top bright,
While rises over all the evening star.

Alas ! that human ills should such a prospect mar.

E'en angels' eyes might peep from yonder heaven,
And see with pleasure such a peaceful show ;
Their hearts might bless the stillness God has given,
To calm man's passions in the world below ;
The beetle's hum, the river's murmuring flow,
The birds' hushed twittering as they fall to rest,
And thousand odours by the zephyrs driven :
The man who holds this palace should be blessed,
And sit on nature's throne of happiness possessed.

Yet, even now, my heart can tell a tale,
Which does not chime with nature's melody ;
The sad discordance I may well bewail,
Yet cannot make that discord cease to be ;
For who can from his own reflections flee ?
Whatever joys his person may surround,
The conscious eye will still those phantoms see
In memory's secret cell at one time bound ;
But now, at evening hours, they leave those haunts
profound.

Smiles come again as when in years gone by
They wreathed a faee since furrowed much by care ;
And tears in erystal drops flow mournfully,
As if e'en now the weeping eye was there ;
That years *have* passed these tears and smiles declare,
Since or their joys or sorrows oncee I knew ;
These mocking shades now fill this scene so fair,
And times of bliss or sadness now renew ;
While consciousness declares the shadowy record true.

Bright hopes which fell before the hand of time,
Dance lightly with their former radiance on ;
As when they pictured a career sublime,
Renown achieved, or dear affections won ;
Just as a cloud obseures a summer sun,
These hopes in after years yet fainter grew ;
And,—as when passing shades their course have run,
The beams of day again appear in view,—
So hopes extinguished memory can renew !

But if alone my thoughts should peopled be
With hope's past pleasures, or with sorrow's tears,
The mind, resolved, would win the victory
And cease to brood o'er ne'er returning years.
For well I know that virtue's form appears

More lovely when the past we wisely scan,
And cheek past transports and reprove our fears,
Remembering still it is the lot of man
To bear some ills within his life's brief span.

The stars are beaming on each azure throne,
And thickly throng the palace courts of God ;
And with their purest light deep thoughts will
come,
Of those whose bodies rest beneath the sod,
Who once with me earth's flowery meadows trod ;
Whose souls have passed the gates of yonder skies ;
And while this lower realm my footsteps plod,
Still feast their fancy through immortal eyes
With all the forms of beauty heaven supplies.

I envy not the bliss those souls partake,
Nor would I draw them from their starry spheres ;
But memory, faithful to the past, will wake
The notes of love I heard in former years ;
The form long claimed by death again appears,—
The parent's smile, the child's enchanting play ;
These vanished joys excite my gushing tears,
For God has blessed those spirits far away,
While I must longer in this lower region stay !

However long and dark this night may be,
Whose sombre hues around are gathering fast,
This sleeping world will soon those glories see,
The sun's bright beams have given for ages past.
All nature then will wake to melody.
So on the darkened grave a light will come,
To bid the shades of death and sorrow flee ;
And all the good at length be gathered home.
Hope hangs its fairest wreath around the tomb !

Those airy shapes whom sin nor sorrow pain,
Those spirits by my heart so much beloved,
By toils and cares like mine that height did gain,
That rest from which they ne'er will be removed.
I feel my murmuring breast is now reproved.
Oh ! let me strive like them for glories bright,
And be like theirs my passions all subdued ;
Then heaven with kindest hand will chase the
night,
And bring to bless my eyes an endless light.

I leave these shadowy musings on the past,
The living world is stretched before my view ;
These hours of pensive thought not long will last,
And I must tread those paths men's passions strew

(Alas ! the wiser spirits are too few,)
With ruined hopes and impotent desires ;
And coming day will speedily renew
The slumbering energy of sordid fires.
Oh ! how of scenes like these my spirit tires !

But can I hope or wish to flee away
From scenes in which all goodness has been gained ?
The voice of heavenly wisdom seems to say
I have too readily of men complained ;
Here good and evil ('tis by heaven ordained),
Commixed, must for the present season grow.
Oh ! be my ear by accents wise enchain'd,
While truth and reason eloquently show
'Tis not for man to censure men below !

“Complain no more that men think not with thee,
That harmony links not thy soul with theirs ;
That taste, and thought, and learning make you flee
From close communion with a mind that bears
The form and weight of only sordid cares.
Oh ! rather think how great a gulf divides
The all of goodness which thy spirit shares,
From Him who in the light of heaven resides,
And there the wise and good for ever guides !

“The space between thy soul and that of men,
Who farthest seem removed from views like thine,
Can well be measured by the feeble ken
Of one whom earth and earthly views confine.
But 'twixt thy soul and God ! thought's longest line
Outstretching o'er the realms of fancy far,
The labour, overstrained, must soon resign,
Of marking how immense those spaces are
Which make thy heart from God a wanderer !

“Think not alone of trackless wilds of thought,
All known to God which thou canst never scan ;
Of forms of power and beauty never brought
Within the gaze or mind of feeble man ;
Nor yet how weak thou art to trace the plan
By which He makes the great and small move on ;
But rather think, since first thy course began,
How little of thy heart thy God hath won,
Though asking for thy love with every rising sun.

“Look not on vice with aught but high disdain,
Nor let the sordid ever win thy love ;
E'en want of sensibility should pain ;
The heartless ones, oh ! ever soar above.
Whate'er is wrong thou even may'st reprove

If kindness rule thy heart and grace thy tongue ;
But let not passions fierce thy bosom move,
For though the faults are great thou liv'st among,
THOU hast full often done thy neighbour wrong !”

I leave my hermit cell and haste to rest,
Heaven's blessing still awaits my wearied head.
The heart that trusts in God is always blest,
Nor needs the ills of life nor death to dread.
Too oft I 've murmured, and my heart has bled
O'er fancied sorrows. Evening's pensive hour
Has taught me not to weep when joys have fled ;
That happiness is still within my power,—
That only o'er the bad can real misfortunes lower.

TO TIME.

ON READING DR. PYE SMITH'S "GEOLOGY."

OLD Time ! thou now dost show a visage hoary
To those who thought thee young ;
With man's sojourn on earth was linked thy story,
At Adam's birth thou lisped, and all thy glory
Was gained, we thought, the human tribes among.

But now we spurn the tale so long believed ;
Time ! thou art young no more.
For earth full oft had smiled, full oft had heaved
With desolation's throes, ere it received
The forms and hues her sons may now explore.

The pyramids, and Babel, too, are old,
But not compared with thee ;
Scenes of chaotic night thy thoughts enfold,
Which e'en Mosaic writ hath barely told,—
A various age, ere men began to be.

Deep mysteries are treasured in thy breast
By minstrel never sung ;
A world in action, then a world at rest,
Now hid with seas, and now in verdure drest,
And monstrous forms which roamed earth's scenes
among.

Thou mad'st the rock thy throne, and all around thee
Was waste, and wild, and drear ;
And then thou saw'st all living tribes surround thee,
As age by age with hoary honours crowned thee,
Ere God had bade the human race appear.

Old Time ! I tremble when thy form I see,
Thou art so strangely old !
Spectre of distant years ! I fain would flee
That voice of other worlds which speaks to me,
And tells a tale no other tongue hath told.

And yet an aspect mild thou seem'st to bear,
God's herald sure thou art !
The wreath of olden flowers thy brow doth wear
Was cull'd from fields His hand had made so fair,
Who made thy rocky throne,—He made my heart !

Shade of departed worlds ! thy image tells
Of dread Eternity.
I think of *man's* decline 'mongst funeral bells,
But as thy note from distant ages swells,
I learn that former worlds have ceased to be !

ON TURK MOUNTAIN, IRELAND.

YE spirits, tenants of the scene, arise !
 Unveil the mysteries of the realm ye hold ;
Your palace-tops now penetrate the skies,
 Around your airy seat the eagle flies ;
 Your wooded glens my wondering eyes behold.

Say, were these tempest-beaten rocks up-piled
 Ere man commenced to tread the world below ?
These caverned depths, were they as strangely wild,
 Ere Eden's owner from his seat exiled
 Was taught the wonders of his earth to know ?

Tell, have ye listened as the harp of Time
 Has poured on air its melancholy wailing ?
Or heard it strike a joyous, merry chime,
 In valleys deep, on mountain-tops sublime,
 For ill o'er good, for good o'er ill, prevailing ?

Spirits of land and flood ! your voice is still—
 Another language in these wilds I hear ;
 Melodious accents o'er each lake and hill
 The ear of every worshipper will fill ;
 The voice of God—the God of love and fear !

The *past* He hides with nature's misty hand ;
 The *present*—bright in glory He reveals ;
 Each scene of high and low His wisdom planned,
 That when the eye of man His works hath scanned,
 The lips may speak the praise the spirit feels !

THE WAKENED HARP.

ON BEING INFORMED THAT THE IRISH HARP IS NO LONGER USED.



ERIN ! thy harp is in silence reposing,
 Its strings are all broken, its music unknown,
 And the minstrel no longer its magic disclosing
 Has cast it aside and forgotten its tone.

Is it that Erin the heart fondly cherished,
 Has ceased to be loved by the sons of her pride ?
 Is it that ardour and valour have perished,
 And the rude hand of bondage has cast it aside ?

Ah, no ! in the children of Erin are waking,
The notes which these chords are refusing to tell ;
And the spirits which sorrow so long has been breaking,
Still treasure the strains of their gladness full well.

Lone should the Harp be, whose country is sitting,
The prey of misfortune, and robbed of her might ;
For music like thine is the *happy* befitting,—
'Tis the *sorrow* of Erin has roused thee to flight.

When the conflict is o'er and the green isle rejoices
That her sons and her daughters are happy and free ;
Midst the joy of their hearts, and the songs of their voices,
The Harp now so silent awakened shall be !

THE PORTRAIT.

I THANK the art which gives to me
Thy form, though far away ;
And will a faithful record be
If e'er that form decay.
Fond memory can recall thy smile,
And make those lips to move,
As when thou didst my cares beguile,
And teach me how to love.

If months or years have passed between,
Our plighted faith to sever ;
This shade of what thou art has seen
That I forgot thee never.
When evening shed its pensive light,
My heart by thee was saddened ;
Thy faneied presence gave delight
Whene'er my days were gladdened.

My memory, in this image true,
The time gone by doth seek ;
The tears you shed again bedew
And render pale your cheek.
But soon a sparkling joyous ray
Aeross the gloom doth break ;—
Since art can thus the past recall,
I love it for thy sake.

But ah ! if ever thou shouldst die,
And leave no more to me
Than what this portrait can supply,
How dark my life would be.
Yet still I could recall thy smile,
And make those lips to move ;
As when thou didst my cares beguile,
And teach me how to love.

THE SLIGHTED LOCK.

ON FINDING A LOCK OF HAIR OF A DECEASED FRIEND.



I took thee from the hand that gave
To me the precious treasure,
And on my breast I wore thee long,
With blighted love's sad pleasure.

But other eyes soon smiled on me,
New hopes before me brightened ;
I took thee, slighted relié ! forth,
Of thee my heart I lightened.

I would not that new friends should view
This early mournful token ;
And thus affection proved untrue,
And former vows were broken.

Ah, man ! thy friendship ardent seems
O'er buried love while weeping ;
But soon thy faith grows cold and dead
To one in darkness sleeping.

Had *woman* claimed one lock of mine,
When in the grave I slumbered,
Her heart the farewell gift had kept
Till all her days were numbered.

CARDIFF CASTLE.
—•—

CARDIFF ! in peace decays thy warlike tower,
Now roofless, still, and hoary ;
And art has made of thee a lady's bower,
And nature's hand obscures thy martial glory ;
Thy keep and dungeon tell a by-gone story.

No baron's troops, with angry visage, lower,
And long for bloody fray ;
The captive knows not here the despot's power ;
But through the live-long day
Peace reigns around, and all is kind and gay.

No clarion shakes the heart with war's alarm,
But commerce here presides ;
Beneath its wing man rests secure from harm ;
Here England's law and England's skill presides,
And art conducts its stores on friendly tides.

Here full-armed tyrants ruled with iron sway,
Whom serfs and vassals feared ;
Their barbarous honour long has passed away ;
A gentler hand has flowery ramparts reared,
And BUTE, for deeds of peace, is now revered !

1840.

THE FLORIST'S FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.
—♦—

THE months are closed I've passed in Flora's bowers,
The sun once more its yearly course hath run ;
Fallen are the leaves, and withered lie the flowers,
I longed to see when first the year begun.
Alas ! that loveliness so frail should be,
An emblem true of man's mortality !

Yet I cannot lament these by-gone days,
Like those so oft in idleness misspent ;
To train a flower, those beauteous forms to raise
May well employ the moments God hath lent.
I work with Him : I only till the ground ;
'Tis He rewards my toil with skill profound.

Full oft have flowers mute eloquence employed
To teach me lessons much my heart required.

The joys of earth with sorrows are alloyed ;
To bear each grief my heart has been inspired,
As oft these gems of nature seemed to say,
“ The Power which made us is not far away ! ”

THE PLEADING OF THE FLOWERS.

My beauties, I bid you adieu,
No longer your charms I'll survey ;
Henceforth, far removed from my view,
Let your blossoms and flowers decay.
Too long has your loveliness pleased me,
Too long has your waywardness teased me,
From your snares I will flee far away !

You have robbed me of time and of treasure,
With the garb of sweet innocence on ;
A moment you give me some pleasure,
But the next all your value is gone ;
A blast of the east-wind may smite you,
Let the sun and the zephyrs but slight you,
And your fragrance and beauty are gone.

The snails may your calyx devour,
The woodlice your petals may nibble,
I'll never more give up an hour
To list to your plaints and your quibble.
For beauty is skin-deep you know,
My pleasures much deeper must flow,
As deep as I thrust down this dibble !

Let your roots for rich provender seek,
I'll give you no liquid manure ;
Let the worm all your finery streak,
For your pain I will find you no cure.
No sticks shall support you, I tell you,
The earwig with forceps may fell you,
Before I your pranks will endure.

Yet a gentle sweet whisper I hear,
A silvery sound I can't stifle ;
With your petals and pollen, I fear,
You the depths of my bosom will rifle.
Oh, what have we done, you will say,
That you send us so roughly away ?
Oh, do not with innocence trifle !

Has the babe in the cradle no hold
On your heart, e'en before it can prattle ?
Must a long list of *profits* be told
Ere you give it a pop-gun and rattle ?
Since men are but babes overgrown,
You should blush like the rose but to own
That with *profitless* flowers you battle.

You spurn not the sky of deep blue
Because it no *profit* will yield,
Then be to your heart ever true,
And love us in garden and field !—
By the skill which has painted your skin,
By the bright flowing honey within,
I will ever esteem it a sin
Not to love you in garden and field !

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

PALE gem upon the brow of night,
Thou shunn'st the noon-tide ray ;
Dost shut thine eye-lid on the light,
And deck the close of day.

While splendid flowers of every hue
The blaze of sunshine seek ;
"Tis eve's soft gleam has charms for you,
And kindles on your cheek.

The sparkling dew-drops, jewels fair,
Adorn thy saffron vest ;
The stars of heaven, the balmy air,
Unite to make thee blest.

When Contemplation walks alone,
Thou seem'st to smile, delighted
That now the *giddy world* is gone,
No more thou wilt be slighted.

Nor dost thou fondly hope in vain ;
For who thy flower can see,
And not confess that thou dost gain
More praise by modesty ?

Thus, pride, with *gaudy mantle* on,
To fools may pleasure give ;
But virtue, by *its power alone*,
In wisdom's smile shall live.

THE DAHLIA.

—♦—
Oh, much do I love thee, varied flower,
 Of Autumn the pride and beauty !
Thou com'st from a warm and sunny land,
But in this cold clime the skilful hand
 Can a welcome true ensure thee.

Some say thou dost too boldly show
 To the passing eye, thy face :
But I thank thee, that when the roses are dead,
And a thousand summer beauties are fled,
 Thou dost well supply their place.

Thou thus art like the manly heart
 On which the spirit confides ;
When other pleasures have proved untrue,
And withered hopes our pathway strew,
 Still *there* affection abides.

And if the first touch of the winter's cold
Can make all thy beauty perish ;
Still like that heart thou seemest to me,
Which cannot live if it may not be
In a land which affections cherish !

Oh, much do I love thee, varied flower,
Of Autumn the pride and beauty !
If thou dost not live in thy sunny sphere,
I hope thou long wilt linger here,
Among those who fondly view thee !

TO AN ORANGE.

WRITTEN IN TIME OF SICKNESS.
—♦—

FRUIT of a warmer clime,
Thou com'st from far to me ;
Thanks to the hand that brought
Thy golden, fragrant sphere from o'er the sea.

Where skies of deeper blue
Their kindling rays do shed,
Thy form adorns the grove,
Which, ever-verdant, shades the weary head.

That warmer clime no more
Thy glittering vest shall see ;
Friend of the sick ! thou leav'st thy skies, thy bower,
To give delight to me.

But how unconscious thou,
Of all the blessings thou hast shed !
To HIM let grateful feelings glow,
Who raised the orange-grove, to heal the sick, and
cheer the weary head.

SWIM WITH THE STREAM.
—♦—

SWIM with the Stream !
Thy life will then be like a summer's day ;
And pleasure's glittering beam
Will sparkle in thy oars' light playful spray.
Let those resist the tide,
Who boast of lore profound and reason's pride,
From such, oh ! turn away.

Swim with the Stream !
Refuse to say thy inmost soul 's thy own,
And folly wisdom deen ;

Midst *principles* and *truths* let idiots groan.

How transient is our life,

Too short to be employed in care and strife ;

Then seek for ease alone.

Swim with the Stream !

Before and round thee dastard spirits throng ;
Their light is folly's gleam.

The good and wise will not thus haste along.

They panting ply the oar

'Gainst wind and tide, their spirits upward soar,
To such may we belong !

Swim with the Stream !

HE did not so, the first of human kind,
And whom as God we deem ;

His painful course left Kings and Priests behind.

With Him we 'll stem the tide,

And though the slothful sycophant deride,

We 'll bear a stedfast mind !

INSENSIBILITY.

" Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow consigned."—COWPER.

A CUP of sorrow filled by heaven
 Is given to man to drink ;
 One little space alone remains,
 Below the goblet's brink.
 That little space by God is left,
 That mortal hands may pour
 Some drops of sympathy within,
 And make the cup run o'er.

Yet, oft, alas ! we look in vain
 To see those drops instilled ;
 With bitter scorn and blighting hate
 The waiting cup is filled.
 The hands we hoped would mix the sweet,
 Too oft their skill employ,
 To dash expectant hope away,
 And lessen still our joy.

Well ! let it be so, if the cup
All bitter should be found,
 We will not shrink to drink it up,
 Nor dash it to the ground.
 Lips far more pure than ours have touched
 A draught from wormwood wrung,
 Yet did not throw the cup aside,
 But said, "Thy will be done !"

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.



THERE is a language few have heard,
 So fond, so pure, so fair ;
 It soft ascends where childhood sleeps,
 It is a mother's prayer.

Oft have I heard a pastor pray
 That God his flock would keep ;
 But his are not the dulcet tones
 Which bless the babe asleep.

A father's love can *sweep the strings*,
 And wake devotion's lyre ;
 But praying woman's *gentlest touch*,
 Can better notes inspire !

Oh, hallowed then is childhood's home,
And dear the altar there,
On which the mother oft presents
Her warmest, purest prayer.

We leave that home, and on the sea
Of life are tempest-driven ;
Our safety still, our joy, our peace,
To *mothers' prayers* are given !

THE FAREWELL.
—•—

THOUGH called to part in death's dread hour
When love's firm bonds are broken,
Resigned to heaven's disposing power
Be this our mutual token.

We'll meet again when temples fall,
And the time-worn tower is perished,
And the gay saloon, and the festive hall
Which joy and pride have cherished.

We 'll meet again when nature dies
And her beauty is all decaying,
When the bird of wing no longer flies,
Nor streams to the ocean are straying.

We 'll meet again when the orb of day
His splendid light is veiling,
And the moon and stars all fade away
Their mighty loss bewailing.

We 'll meet again when the trump of God
Shall shake the earth's foundations,
And the spacious sea, and the verdant sod
Give up their sleeping nations.

We 'll meet again in that solemn hour
When the mind of God shall discover,
By the pierceng thought of Omniscent power,
Who was his foe or lover.

Oh ! may we meet with the blessed above
For ever with angels dwelling,
When the praises of joy and the songs of love
The solemn chorus are swelling.

THE PAINTED PROW.

ON READING THAT A LARGE PORTION OF A VESSEL WAS CAST ASHORE
DURING A STORM, ON THE COAST OF MARGATE.

THE painted prow on the shore was hurled,
 Of the raging and wintry sea ;
 From a ship just torn, which with sails unfurled,
 Once rode on in strength and glee.

Oh whence hast thou come, thou relic sad,
 Of some wild calamity ?
 Ere the furious blast had wrought its last,
 What thou sawest declare to me.

“ I saw them smile, and I heard their joy,
 Who embarked on the ocean wide ;
 And they knew no fear, till the storm drew near,
 And waves dashed on every side.

“ O pale was each face, on which the ray
 Of the lightning gleamed fearfully ;
 And they kneeled to pray, and did wish for the day,
 Which they never again should see.

“ Oh ask me no more of what then befel ;—
Through the heavens the thunder rolled ;
And it sounded their knell, and I come to tell
That the sea doth their corpses hold.”

THE SMILING DEAD.
—•—

AND canst thou smile when round thy bier
Thy former loved ones weep ?
And is each mournful burning tear
Forgotten in thy sleep ?
Those hearts near bursting seem with grief
Thy care could once beguile,
And yet thy lips speak no relief,
Thou dost but calmly smile.

But when we think of all the pain
Thou didst so lately know,
We wonder not thy blissful gain
Should turn thee from *our* woe ;
When pale disease with deadly power
Did once each feature wrest,
A *smile* may mark that happy hour
Which gives such torture rest.

But if the *past* can make thee glad
When thou dost find it gone,
'Twere strange indeed if thou wert sad,
All *present* joys thine own.
That smile which seems to mock our tears
From heaven's own light is shed ;
And tells that thou hast lost the fears
Which thronged thy dying bed.

No mockery sits upon that brow,
But if those lips could speak,
They quick would tell what rapture now
Thy spirit's dawn doth streak !
Because thou canst not let us know
By words, thy soul's employ,
A smile in death thou dost bestow,
From which we learn thy joy !

"THE HEARTS WHICH BEAT WITH LOVE
TO ME."

THE hearts which beat with love to me
May soon be cold and dead,
And eyes in which my bliss I see
From mortal scenes have fled ;

What then my sorrow shall remove
Or dash my tears away ?
The thought that those I fondly love
Are far from grief away.

I'll look not on their cold remains,
They only teach despair ;
I'll think of bliss the *spirit* gains
In realms more bright, more fair.
If to the grass-clad mound I turn,
Dark thoughts press thick around me,
But if to heaven I glanee my eyes
The brightest hopes surround me.

The days we passed of sweetest joy,
The pains that laid them low,
All, all that's gone, will still employ
The thoughts of friends below ;
Yet midst our tears, a smile we find,
Will brighten on our brow,
For they have left their cares behind ;
Our friends are happy now !

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN.
—•—

A TIME will come when hearts that love
Shall be united ever ;
In that fair land of joy above
No power their bonds can sever.
We then shall know
The pain of parting *never* !

The eyes misfortune fills with tears
Will then be sparkling bright ;
Eternal bliss will chase the fears
Which now our prospects blight.
What rapture then
Will all our powers delight !

Then let us bravely face the woes
Remaining years may bring ;
The heart-felt care affection knows,
And disappointment's sting.
The darkest days
Are passing now with swiftest wing !

THE ADOPTED CHILD.



I NEVER knew a mother's love
 With which her child she blesses,
 That heavenly boon has been denied
 To my prepared caresses :
 Yet think not that my heart is cold,
 Nor can her feelings tell ;—
 A dear adopted one I had,
 My spirit loved full well.

And though I might not bring it home
 And train it up with me,
 My best affections aye would roam
 And with that child would be.
 Its thoughtless prattle music seemed
 To my delighted ear,
 And in its eye a light there beamed
 Which lessened all my care.

But soon this little one decayed ;
 I watched it day by day ;
 As summer flowers too quickly fade,
 Its beauty passed away.

A long, last gaze upon that face
I went, alone, to take !—
But when they placed it in the grave
I thought my heart would break !

My little, fair, adopted one,
How couldst thou mortal be !
I gave thee all a mother's love,
And hoped thy growth to see.
Thou pretty, fragrant, fading flower,
Thy stem was snapped too soon ;
I longed to see thee bloom awhile ;
But heaven denied the boon !

And yet, thou idol of my heart,
For whom these tears are shed,
'Twas best for thee from earth to part,
And slumber with the dead :
For buds like thine can best adorn
That Eden in the sky ;—
Since earth is not a Paradise,
'Twas better thou shouldst die !

THE MUMMY OF ISRAEL.

"And the physicians embalmed Israel."—Gen. 1. 2.



In some lone cave the Patriarch still
 In decent order lies !
 Great Egypt's ancient healing skill
 Corruption's power defies.

Thy fathers have to dust returned
 Their forms for ever fled ;
 But thou, great saint ! art still inurned,
 Thou art but partly dead.

O could some angel now disclose
 Thy spot of lonely rest !
 What hand might break thy long repose
 Or rend thy swathing vest ?

While Copts with pompous art enshrined
 To curious eyes are given ;
 Father of Israel's tribes, we wait
 To see thy form in heaven !

ON A LOCK OF HAIR,

TAKEN FROM THE HEAD OF DR. CAREY, IN HIS OLD AGE, AND NOW
IN THE POSSESSION OF THE WRITER.

SILVERY, silken, soft, and hoary,
 O'er what sage temples didst thou stray !
 Couldst thou rehearse each bye-gone story,
 What strange events wouldst thou display !

On his brow this hair once grew
 Who poured the light of heaven around,
 And taught religion, simple, true,
 On India's dark and eruel ground.

This hair has left that aged head,
 It did, when living, well adorn ;
 And he is numbered with the dead,
 Of all his *mortal* honours shorn.

Bright locks of heaven his form now grace,
 No hands can ever bear away ;
 Smiling they shade his beauteous face,
 Whose holy youth can ne'er decay !

LET ME GO FOR THE DAY BREAKETH.

See Gen. xxxii, 26.



DETAIN me no more in a twilight sphere,
For the hour is past of my lingering here ;
And the rays from yon world of glory bright
Have already illumined my mortal sight.
The scenes I have loved are marked with woe,
Then loose your embraces and let me go.

Those pearls of grief must be vainly shed ;
And why heave you those sighs around my bed ?
Ask me no more to dwell with you,
With a sorrowless, tearless, home in view—
I thirst that unfading bliss to know,
Then give me your blessing and let me go.

Nay, tell me no more of the hearts that love,
For purer affection awaits me above ;
The friendships of earth have beguiled the gloom
Of a land which is bounded by death and the tomb.
May such kindness still gladden your stay below,
My journey is finished, then let me go.

If the God I have served has delighted me here,
Should I grieve when his court and his throne I draw
near ?

His flowery earth and his star-spangled sky
Are but dimly expressive of glory on high ;
I have seen but the sparklings of beauties that glow
In the world which invites me, *Oh then let me go.*

My winter is over, I fain would take wing
To a nightless day and a cloudless spring ;
I see the sun which can never decline,
And that warm and lasting day is mine.
The day is breaking—farewell to woe—
Detain me no longer, but let me go.

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN MY HEART WAS LIGHT.

THERE was a time when my heart was light
And I bounded in youthful glee ;
And all around was with beauty bright
And seemed to smile on me.
But those days are fled—
And those hopes are dead—
I shall never more happy be !

Oh, 'tis sad to look on the *shadow* of bliss
Which *living* once was ours ;
More sad than to see the wintry blast
Destroy earth's fairest flowers.
For they shall bloom—
Their partial gloom
Shall flee before sun and showers.

But nor smiles nor tears can bring those again
Who have left us here to sorrow ;
No spring can dissolve *death's* iron chain,
The lost return not to-morrow !
From times gone by,
In vain we try
More than *transient* calm to borrow !

THE IMMURED NUN.

SUGGESTED BY A SCENE IN "MARMION."



FAREWELL blest beam ! dear light of heaven farewell !
Now darkness shrouds me in my living grave ;
No morning air through these closed stones shall tell
Of meadows green, or ocean's curling wave ;

Nor shall the lark's sweet melody awake
My slumbers, such as earth's free tenants have.
Alas ! in vain I try my bonds to break,
And though I pour my life out in my tears,
Or hourly to the skies my pleadings make,
Yet no one rescues me, for no one hears !
Could I but think that he for whom I lost
My fair name oncee, and now endure these fears
Does love me still, though all my hopes are crost
My dying smile should cheer this heavy gloom
And the expiring words, "He loves me most!"
Should sound like music in this horrid tomb.
But he on whom my heart confiding hung,
Has falsely vowed, and nought can now illume
My thickest night, o'er which despair has flung
Her mantle dire, to make it yet more sad
Than skies from which no starry lamp is hung.
But why, my heart, should themes which made thee glad
When virgin hopes dwelt purely on thy brow
Intrude ? Alas ! my fevered brain is mad,
And death's cold fingers press upon me now.
No more.—I bid my former loves adieu,
And seize the hopes these moments will allow.
Should after years my narrow prison view,
And these remains cause tender eyes to weep,
Then let them know the sourcee from which I drew

The only balm could hush my fears to sleep.

The sin which *man* forgave not, *heaven* forgave ;
Midst pain and death my heart its hold doth keep
Of words which tell me they have power to save.
Dear scenes of youth ! my home, my friends, farewell !
And thou to whom my heart, my all, I gave,
Farewell !—————

FOR A VOLUME OF POEMS.

OH that the poet's minstrelsy
To virtue's service given,
A gentle, faithful, guide may be
To lead my friend to heaven.

If strains of earth his harp engage
Or angels' notes he borrow,
May both your flowing tears assuage,
And ease your heart of sorrow.

THE FIVE STARS.

A NIGHT REVERIE.
—•—

In the clear heaven five stars appeared,
So closely joined as though they feared
That the fixed gaze of mortal eye
Should think them not in amity.
And though they uttered no sweet sound,
And though no motion could be found
To indicate a soul within,
To think them soulless were a sin.

My kindling fancy soon had fixed
Their parted forms in one ;
Where with the holiest graces mixed
One spirit reigned alone.
Each star became a virtue bright,
And soon there burst upon my sight
A being of such heavenly mould
That all its worth could not be told.

The *first* star's light was beauty's beam,
Not such as charms below,

But that which oft in virtue's dream
True rapture can bestow.

No form, no feature could express
That fancied spirit's loveliness.

The *second* told of modesty,
Which even the tenants of the sky
Can make more lovely, when they wear
The meek retiring garment there.

The *third* of kindness seemed to speak
As if it fain would know,
In what dark spot of earth to seek
The heart that's crushed with woe.

That its sweet voice that heart might raise,
And change its sighs to grateful praise.

A pure and chaste expression flowed
From that which *next* in order glowed.
The *fifth* and last true love expressed

The crowning grace of heaven ;
And by its ardent glance confessed
The passion not in vain was given.

* * * *

My vision closed—A cloud of night,
Those five stars covered from my sight.
Yet time will come when forms like this,
Shall share with mortals all their bliss !

THE BURNED FLY.

Poor fly ! the brightness lures thee,
Thy death is near ;
Thou thinkest that the *morn* is come,
And thou wouldst take thee to thy home—
Thou know'st no fear.

Thy fluttering wings can tell
How glad thou art ;
Hadst thou a *soul*, I should conclude
That thou art in a joyous mood,
And hope entwines thy heart.

If hope *was* there, 'tis fled ;
Thou feel'st the burning ;
Dark thoughts pass through thy soul,
It is not thine to reach the goal,
From feasts of flowers returning.

Thy dying groans I hear,
Thy life has fled ;

Thy wondrous fabric perished,
And all the hopes thou cherished,
Are numbered with the dead !

So have I seen a being
Would thee despise,
Ensnared by forms he knew
Were not to virtue true,
He gazes—loves—and dies !

THE WARNING.

On that far oftener man would think
He stands, defenceless, on the brink
 Of that unknown and dark abyss,
Down which the millions past have gone,
A home which ere this setting sun
 Is marked, perchance, for his !
And do you ask why grief should come
 Upon a brow that smiles ?
And urging fate still read his doom
 To him whom bliss beguiles ?
It is not that black envy fears
 To see an eye not filled with tears ;—

It is not that *my* sorrow seeks
To close the lips where gladness speaks ;—
 No ! let him still be gay.
I utter now this warning true
 Because his lightness may
Soon change his laughing careless tone,
To that which chimes with woe alone !
For who a state unknown should dare
And not for all its wants prepare ?

THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.



'Tis said that dead men tell no tales,
And yet with fear the murderer quails.—
In the dead of night a form appears,
The murdered man his head uprears ;
As when he gave the fatal blow—
As when his hatred laid him low—
That vision meets the murderer's eyes,
That bleeding spectre never dies.
This dead one tells a living tale
And makes the guilty conscience quail !

'Tis said that dead men tell no tales,
And yet with fear the murderer quails.—

Earth hides the victim from the sight,
Unseen are the deeds of the guilty night ;
He thinks each one he meets must know
His was the arm which gave the blow ;
He cannot bear the passer by
Should direct to him the enquiring eye,
For fear the dead should tell the tale—
This makes his guilty conscience quail !

'Tis said that dead men tell no tales,
And yet with fear the murderer quails.—
Around is seen no human eye,
But one looks on him from the sky.
He hears a voice from heaven declare
“ I 've seen thy brother's blood lie there ! ”
His mangled form, so pale and gory,
Thus tells to God the secret story.
Heaven listens to the mournful tale,
And makes with fear the murderer quail !

TRUE LOVE.



I.

WHY do I fix my heart on you
 And pass by all the world beside ?
 Why does my love continue true
 While months and years so swiftly glide ?
 O listen to my artless lay,
 And I the secret will unfold ;
 Though after all I have to say
 My love to you can ne'er be told !

II.

It is not that fair beauty's charms
 Shine in your eye and flush your cheek ;
 But that sweet look which rage disarms,
 The language mild, the spirit meek.
 In your dear face I always see
 The graces of the soul unfold ;—
 Still, words like these but vain must be,
 My love to you can ne'er be told !

III.

I look not on your braided hair,
Where pearls with sparkling lustre shine ;
Such glistening show may deck the fair,
But better ornaments are thine ;
The soul full-beaming in your eye
Your love to me doth well unfold,—
To speak your praise I will not try,
My love to you can ne'er be told !

THE TALE OF A SKULL.
—♦—

In a vault beneath Rothwell church, Northamptonshire, is a remarkably curious collection of skulls and other bones, discovered about 200 years ago by some workmen. All attempts to ascertain the cause of this strange accumulation have failed. The following lines embody *one* hypothesis on the subject.

WITHIN the charnel house I stood, where round on
every hand,
The bones of men lay thick and wide, like pebbles on
the strand ;
No tongue could tell by what event they here so strange
reposed,
Old Time was dumb, and record true the secret ne'er
disclosed.

Upon that heap looked beauty's eye with wild and anxious gaze,
And youthful strength the ruin saw with wonderful amaze ;
While damps of death upon each skull stood forth both thick and cold
And lights burned dim within the vault which did the reliques hold.

Thus while I stood, one fleshless skull with gaping eye-balls stared,
Among the mass commotion strange some mystery declared ;
The hollow jaws, with direful skill, the gloomy silencee broke,
In tones that did the spirit thrill,—then thus the spectre spoke :—

“ Let beauty's eye now gaze on me, with bright and living fire,
Let youthful strength and manly pride survey these reliques dire ;
Time rolls along, and soon that light grows dark within the grave,
That strength decays, that pride's laid low, which youth and vigour gave.

"I tell a tale of other years, come listen then to me :

Full twice five hundred years have passed since I was like to thee ;

Upon the battle-field I stood, and gazed upon the foe,

And glory's plume waved o'er my head, and bright my arms did glow.

"Love's tender joys my spirit filled, and urged my lance away

To drink his blood, who, dark and strong, would make those joys his prey ;

And home's delightful ties were then fast twined around my heart,

As on I pressed to chase the foe who sought those bonds to part.

"From morn to eve the battle raged, full many a warrior fell,

And all around bestrewed the ground, a scene too sad to tell ;

While streams of blood, like angry flood, rolled down upon the plain,

And hearts once strong, a helpless throng, sunk ne'er to rise again.

“Upon that battle-field we lay, to all a ghastly sight ;
The sun its beams threw down by day, the sky its dews by night ;
The vulture’s bill our flesh did fill, and wolves, with ravening maw,
The heart that once with rapture beat, from out our breasts did draw.

“Ten moons had passed, and sun and blast did bleach us on the plain,
When friends drew nigh, and silently our whitened bones did gain ;
With reverence true they placed us here, within our dark, cold bed,
And holy words, to rest our souls, by priestly lips were said.

“Then why should laugh and careless glee our long repose molest ?
A little while, and in the grave *your* healthful limbs shall rest ;
Those eyes, now bright with living fire, in darkness melt away,
And worms among those limbs so strong, shall twine themselves and play.”

It ceased—the skull once more reposed, and silence
reigned around ;
The light of heaven I quick regained above that charnel
ground ;
The tale of other years disclosed within that vault to me,
“ That man is like the fallen flower,” a record sure
shall be.

ON A LADY IN A DECLINE.
—•—

I.

HER face was pale, yet in her eye
 Unearthly brightness shone ;
A few short days and then I knew
 Her spirit would be gone !
And yet it seemed it could not be
 That light like her's should die ;
For *sparkling gems* will long retain
 Their wonted brilliancy.

II.

But when I saw *the shooting star*
 Look bright and then expire,
I learned too well how it could be
 Her eyes should lose their fire.

That lovely meteor tells a tale
Which mortal man should hear,
That beauty's eye then quickest fades
When best its charms appear.

ON HENRY MARTYN.

WHO DIED AS A MISSIONARY IN PERSIA.

I.

ERE passed his youth his soul to God he gave,
He put his trust in him who came to save ;
Love glowed within his breast to man undone,
Engrossed by noblest deeds he passed the wave,
In eastern climes the noblest victories won.

II.

No ease awaits the Cross's champion here ;
Soon faint and worn he ends his brief career ;
Renowned on earth among the wise and good,
A heavenly lot his soul shall ever cheer,
Young, beautiful, he stands where all the blest
have stood.

ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.
—•—

NEW-BORN of earth, come, look around thy dwelling ;
Bright is the sky, which far and wide hangs o'er thee ;
Sun, moon, and stars, their various lustre kindling,
All bid thee welcome.

Sweet are the songs a thousand voices utter ;
“ Welcome to earth, fair stranger,” is their meaning ;
Listen to them, whose heaven-taught melody
Ne'er can deceive thee.

Verdant and soft is the place on which thou treadest ;
Roses for beauty, violets for fragrance,
Green bowers for shade are scattered in thy pathway,
Gifts of thy Maker.

Fond eyes are gazing on thy early beauty,
Hearts full of love thy happiness are wishing.
New-born of earth ! such scenes and friends around thee,
Leave not thy dwelling.

THE WAR IN CANADA.
—
I.

WHAT sound disturbs the western deep
Where warfare long had slept ?
Arm'd thousands there their vigils keep
And widow'd hearts have wept !
And the rolling drum proclaims on high,
And the blood, and the shouts of victory,
That there the battle's woes are known,
The wounded frame and the dying groan.

II.

The wreathing flames ascend the sky,
The rebels' home to raze,
And Britain's troops are standing by
Exulting in the blaze !
Oh ! it was enough that the manly heart
Was called from its earthly cell to part,
And not to have felt in its moment of sorrow,
That its lov'd ones should have no home to-morrow.

III.

No *savage* there provok'd the blow
 Of England's hireling bands,
 A *brother's* blood, then deem'd a *foe*,
 Imbued a brother's hands !

Ah ! let not our *glory* be praised in the lay
 Which shall tell of the horrors achiev'd on that day !
 For Britain should weep that her *sons* now lie dead
 That the maw of destruction *her children* have fed.

ON HEARING THE ORGAN OF LUTON
 CHURCH, AT NIGHT.

SWEET strains which flow where gathered myriads sleep !
 No more they heed your song ;
 Though louder ye should grow, more full, more deep,
 Like winds which wailing through these tomb-stones
 sweep,
 To heedless hearts your music floats along.

Short is the time since here they stood, like him,
 Who pausing on his way,
 Lists among mossy graves, and arches dim,
 To holy melody, which seems to swim
 Awhile in air, then gently dies away.

The heart which beat like mine to hear you speak,
No longer owns your power ;
Across that heart, like mine, a ray might streak
Of hope sublime, and aspirations meek ;
Those hopes and pleasures lie where yonder yew-trees lower !

Yet where should melody pour forth its note
If not in scenes like this ?
Strains from yon sacred fane ! ye well denote
That joy from sorrow never is remote,
That pain and death are closest joined to bliss.

Yet more—your anthem drives away the gloom
By Death's sad ruins made.
The sweetest melody is still to come,
The way to heaven is through the silent tomb ;
There holy organs peal beyond the yew-tree shade !

SONNETS.

Occasioned by the statement in the public prints, that when Her Majesty Queen Victoria first saw the immense crowds on the day of her Coronation, a slight agitation was visible.

I.

A MOMENT, and she trembled in that tide
Of human faces, which then roll'd along
Like ocean's waves Britannia's cliffs among,
A host prepared to make their Queen their pride.
Abashed she stood, as though her virgin brow
Too bold might seem to those who thronged her way,
And a slight fear among her smiles did play.
But soon her step grew firm—her hopes have triumphed
now !

All England's daughters might securely trust
Those gallant hearts whose plaudits rend the sky,
And a loud welcome to their Queen supply,
Whose soul is virtuous as her claim is just.
If *every* woman might find safety there
To injure thee, Victoria ! who would dare ?

II.

QUEEN of the Isles ! through the whole world renowned,
Thy maiden beauty draws ten thousand eyes,
And many hearts are hushed in mute surprise,
And hopes and fears for thee e'en now abound.
That crown adorns thy head thy fathers wore
And pomp and pageantry thy steps attend,
And in each face thou seest a smiling friend ;
For *Britons* hail thee, as they hail'd of yore
(Unchanged in spirit though with altered mien)
Their monarchs with a loyalty sincere,
Which well may make thy heart devoid of fear.
Then, in thy glory go, a matchless Queen ;
Remembering still, *this* must thy glory be
To rule in Britons' hearts—the strong, the free !

TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY RUSSELL.
—♦—

FAIR she was in her perfect bloom
When hastily called to the silent tomb ;
And a mother's love she scarce had known,
Ere her spirit from human joys had gone.
Affection vainly sought her stay,
For the voice of death bade her haste away.

Who by that faded one kneels low,
With a tearful eye and a brow of woe ?
'Tis RUSSELL, who lately called her bride,
And adorn'd with her love his rank and pride.
For the great of earth with the lowly fall,
As the meanest shrub and the forest tall.

Oh, what a lesson is taught to thee,
Thou scion of ancient ancestry !
Dweller in courts and helper of kings,
Thou tastest the bitter of earthly things ;

Nor noble birth, nor wealth, nor power,
Could shield thy heart in sorrow's hour.

But do not repine that hath come to thee
The lot of our fallen humanity ;
To guide the helm of the land is thine,
To attempt to soothe thy trouble be mine.
Mourner ! remember, a troublesome way
Alone ean conduct to a tearless day.

A thousand friends thy grief can feel—
May the prayers of thousands thy sorrows heal !
When thou the affairs of state dost guide,
We who love our country will be at thy side ;
Assured that this dark and trying hour
Will more wisely and firmly direct thy power !

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

ON SEEING A CHILD TRY TO HASTEN THE SANDS OF AN HOUR-GLASS
BY SHAKING IT.

— • —
Ah ! wherefore should I wish too soon
 To end my little term of years ?
Or spurn that golden precious boon,
 Because 'tis sometimes dewed with tears ?

Is life too long ? Go, ask the grave,
Which quickly bounds each man's career ;
Or ask the soul, which seeks to have
One fleeting hour to calm its fear.

While angels look with earnest gaze,
On dials marked with mortal time,
And see, with sorrowful amaze,
Man's lingering march to joys sublime—
Oh ! let with them my spirit bend
O'er days no power can e'er regain ;
And rouse each nerve, and onward tend,
Nor fleeting moments more disdain.

Sands of the glass which time is holding,
You teach me themes to reason true ;
And now, your rapid flight beholding,
I feel my heart is formed anew.
Forbear, my soul, to wish them sped,
Forbear, rash hand, that glass to shake ;
Such lessons in its dust I 've read,
As bid my sluggish powers awake !

FOR WISDOM.
—•—

If Thine, great Spirit ! is the cause I plead,
Then deign my erring mind and pen to guide ;
For well I know, the wisdom which I need
Can only be by wit like Thine supplied ;
Without Thee, I am lost in thought's wild tide.

Oh ! let no love of self my work impair,
I would be well content *Thy* voice to be ;
Make me, like pearly dew or morning air,
From love of power and vain ambition free,
Unseen and lost, except when serving Thee.

I seek *my* glory if *Thy* will I do—
My peace, if what I write, myself I feel :
Of those great truths give me a clearer view,
On which depend my own and others' weal ;
Oh ! now extend Thy hand, which all can heal.

FOR ACTION.
—♦—

AND now for action ! Nerve my powerless arm,
And swiftness to my lingering feet impart.
Oh ! let no fair excuses longer charm
My lips to silence, nor enchain my heart.
Give me the Teacher's sweet persuasive art !

When apt to tire in seeking others' good,
All-gracious Lord, inspire me with Thy love ;
And let me stand resolved, as once Thou stood,
My work below, my hoped reward above,
An earnest soul whom frowns nor smiles can move.

If ever joy my saddened heart inspired,
I found the treasure when I did Thy will ;
Of sordid aims and worldly prospects tired,
Let zeal again my contrite spirit fill
For man and Thee, a faithful labourer still !

TEARS.
—•—

I 'VE wept o'er tales of others' woe,
And oft have shared their grief ;
And could each thought of bliss forego,
To gain them some relief.
But like a summer cloud has flown
This sadness of my heart,
The prospects bright I call'd my own
Forbade more tears to start.

And I have shed delicious tears,
For dangers rolled away ;
When twilight doubts and darkling fears,
Have left a happy day.
But when advancing time has thrown
Its shadow o'er the past,
How brief a space I then have known,
Such saddened joys will last.

But there are tears which still combine
 The rainbow hues of joy ;
 Oh ! be such smiling sadness mine,
 Such bliss as tears alloy.
 This weeping from repentance springs
 Conjoined with sins forgiven,
 A pardoned spirit weeps and sings,
 Till tears are lost in heaven !

"WHICH THINGS THE ANGELS DESIRE TO LOOK INTO."

◆◆◆

WHY bend they from their thrones,
 Those elder sons of time ?
 With joy my spirit owns
 For man they tax their powers sublime.
 For man, redeemed of God
 From sin and sorrow's bitter thrall,
 Who long the scenes of earth had trod,
 O'erhung with guilt's dark pall.

Joy lights their loving eyes,
 The signal true of joyous hearts ;
 With bliss is linked surprise,
 As ever on their spirit darts

This truth at length made known
That God's own Son would die,
And suffer, as it were his own,
Man's direful misery.

Back to the past they turn
To see the course such love pursued,
Ere its bright flame could burn
Within the heart of man renewed.
Each dispensation seemed
When viewed so near too deep to scan,
But now upon the whole there beamed
A skill devising love to man.

Shall happy spirits vie
In thanking God for love to me ;
And shall he pass me by
And find my heart estranged can be ?
Ah no ! with angels bright
My spirit to my God aspires,
The wisdom which can *them* delight
Shall have my warm desires.

ON ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH, CAMDEN
TOWN.

THOU hallowed fane, which pious hands have reared
To be on earth a dwelling-place for God ;
Thy new-made beauty age hath never seared,
Thy aisles no generations past have trod ;
Thy chiseled stone stands out so sharp and fair,
For Time has placed no withering finger there.

But soon the voices echoing through thy shrine,
All silent in the dust around shall be ;
And lips which utter promises divine
Shall cease to offer holy rites in thee ;
And mossy stones in future times shall tell
That ages long gone by have tolled thy knell.

Yet in thy influence thou canst ne'er decay,
The symbol thou of immortality !
Though age to age like shadows flit away,
The home on earth of God thou still wilt be ;
And living men, as now, shall then repair
To make thy antique walls the house of prayer.

Thy modest ornaments the emblems are
Of graces pure thou to the heart canst give ;
Thy form may change in ages distant far,
But Faith, and Hope, and Charity shall live ;
And when the marks of age thy stones shall show
More healthful still may all those graces grow.

Thy slender spire, ascending to the sky,
Shall point the weary ones to heaven's own rest ;
Thy services the truths shall still supply,
Which number mortal men among the blest.
Amid this city's vast and ceaseless strife,
Be thine the task to lure to endless life.

And as sweet strains of melody do fill
Thy aisles and wake thy silence into praise,
May each tumultuous passion here be still,
And tears be mixed with smiles of better days.
On earth the home of rest, oh ! mayst thou be
The pledge of heaven's pure immortality !

THE DISEASE.

—•—

You ask me why I feel so sad,
 Though many joys are strewn around me ;
 'Tis fit, you say, I should be glad,
 And smile as once you always found me.
 Oh ! know you not the heart of man
 Is blighted oft in Spring's young season ?
 No eye the secret pain can scan
 Where feeling triumphs over reason.

Oft have you seen a flower decay
 When nipping, blasting, winds came o'er it ;
 Its health and beauty died away,
 E'en when your eye did most adore it.
 And could you then with curious look
 The wasting, dire disease discover ?
 Then ask me not what power has took
 The joy I never can recover.

I would conceal my grief from you,
 And let *my* heart alone be blighted ;
 But then my face will take the hue,
 Of feelings saddened or delighted.

No—'tis in vain—if at the root
The worm of sorrow lies concealed,
The plant must bear a sickly shoot,
The anguished soul must stand revealed !

THE REMEDY.

I 've listened to your mournful lay,
And can for nameless sorrows feel ;
Yet e'en must chide you when you say,
No power your spirit's wound can heal.
The springs of feeling strong may flow,
And seem our wished restraint to spurn,
Yet reason stronger still may grow,
And make the heart its rules to learn.

'Tis true the flower may quickly fade,
And useless prove our wish to heal it ;
A nobler lot for man is made,—
The soul may droop as now you feel it,
But nought can take its life away,
Or cause its joy to flee for ever ;
Our will alone, with power to sway,
Forbids the heart and bliss to sever.

I ask not that you should deceive,
Or strive to smile with feelings sad ;
No ! let my sympathy relieve
Your troubled heart and make you glad.
Let but your *spirit* joyful be,
Your *face* will then with smiles be lighted ;
And when your inward peace I see,
My heart with yours shall be delighted !

REASON.



Ou ! dark is the tempest within me that rages,
When passion and pride seek to govern my breast ;
Or when hope's blighted promise my fancy engages,
And shows me how vain was each vision of rest.

When reason lies prostrate and feeling would guide me,
O'er regions of fancy deluded to stray ;
Oh, who can describe the dark scenes which abide me,
When the things which are true chase the false ones
away ?

Yet surely 'tis better the truth to discover,
Though painful the lesson, than still be deceived ;
A calm peace of spirit those still may recover,
Who by Reason's stern rule are of folly bereaved.

No more will I weep that the shadows of pleasure
Are gone,—but will dash the sad tear from my eye ;
Then the peace of the soul, on earth our best treasure,
Will the loss of each vain expectation supply.

PESTAL.

LINES ADAPTED TO AN AIR WRITTEN BY A RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONER
ON THE WALL OF HIS CELL, JUST BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

HOME ! one last farewell,
For thee I tune my harp in sorrow ;
Now these notes shall tell,
The captive heart a joy may borrow.
These dungeon walls record the sighs and tears
Of prisoners, carved in stone ;
My trembling hand alone
Shall trace a melody to charm away my fears
When life's last hour appears.

Life ! thou art not lost,
No tyrant can thy bonds dissever ;
Though present hopes are cross'd,
I feel my life shall be for ever.
Music can my anguish now beguile,

Though death is hastening on,
And home's sweet hopes are gone ;
Another world's pure joys will soon around me smile ;
For this I wait awhile !

“BRIGHTER DAYS WILL COME.”

I FIND each youthful hope has fled,
My prospects all are blighted ;
Like those who mourn among the dead
The friends their hearts delighted.
One slender link alone remains,
To bind me to my home ;
One wish my wandering soul retains,
“That brighter days will come !”

'Tis sad to feel, from day to day,
Grief's chilly hand laid o'er,
Where buoyant smiles would always play
Smiles fled to come no more.
Despair would soon its reign complete,
No spark to gild the gloom ;
But hope, with mockery will repeat,
“ Yet brighter days will come !”

But, I remember, time will flee,
And earthly scenes decay ;
And man a ransomed soul will be,
In worlds now far away.
Ah ! hope no more a mocker seems,
There is a peaceful home ;
A light upon my spirit beams,—
" Yet brighter days will come ! "

As twilight's gleam will chase the clouds,
Before the sun appears ;
So, while dull grief my spirit shrouds,
I 'll smile amidst my tears.
If heaven is mine, the pearly gates
Will show from far my home ;
For that my spirit calmly waits,
" Yet brighter days will come."

SATURDAY EVENING.



"Tis time the work of six days were complete,
 For soon will rise on earth to-morrow's sun,
 And hours of rest arrive on pinions fleet ;
 Oh ! may they find my work of praise begun !
 I welcome to my heart those rosy hours,
 More sweet than even spring's young time of flowers.

In Eden's bowers God once did talk with man,
 And bade his new-born soul to heaven aspire ;
 Allured his well-strung powers high things to scan,
 And fed the flames of heaven-directed fire.
 Each Sabbath day God deigns our guest to be,
 And would our souls from sordid passions free.

Oblivion's veil I'd draw o'er things gone by,
 Alas ! my baser powers will lift that veil !
 Thy help I crave, O God ! to close my eye
 On worldly things, and make my faith prevail.
 Earth's dearest joys are surely never given
 To draw the heart from thoughts of God and heaven !

Within thy temple I desire to be ;
Beneath thy cross my prostrate soul would lie ;
From all my former sins and passions free,
I 'd court the smile of thy benignant eye.
Thy earthly shrines my soul would ever love,
In hope of living in thy courts above !

THE PREPARATION FOR THE SABBATH.



CALM as the evening light
My soul shall be ;
And wait that dawn of heavenly radiance bright,
When gloom and darkness flee.
Cease, worldly noise and strife !
A glimpse of still, immortal, life
I quickly hope to see.

A week of sin is past,
Of joy and sorrow ;
But peace, the pledge of joys which always last,
Shall soothe my soul to-morrow.
Sweet notes from heaven will come,
And thus my sad and earthly home
From Eden joy shall borrow.

Great Spirit ! let thy wings
Be o'er me spread,
That when my soul or weeps, or sings,
Thy grace may all be shed.
Come, light ! and quick illumne
This sordid, worldly, gloom,
That to fair Zion's gates I may be led !

And when those hours are fled,
And cares return ;
The sacred truths which wisdom's lips have read
Shall make me folly spurn.
Shine, golden beams of day !
That then my raptured spirit may
The bliss, the purity, of angels learn.

“ NOUS AVONS TOUJOURS LE DIMANCHE.”

WE labour in the world's turmoil,
The markets watch, or turn the soil ;
Or, like the pedlar with his pack,
Pursue our way with aching back.
Perhaps the “ little ones ” may be
The objects of our gravity ;

In either case, whate'er may chance,
“Nous avons toujours le Dimanche.”

The aching head with thought may reel,
The heart with watching fortune's wheel ;
As hope suggests from day to day,
She will some wished-for movement play.
Alas ! deceiver, ne'er have come
The gifts which made our wishes roam !
So now such baits we'll eye askance,—
“Nous avons toujours le Dimanche.”

But is this state our destiny ?
For ever must our wishes be
Exposed to parting, pain, and loss ?
Our path will fate for ever cross ?
This six days' labour we would close,
And through the seven enjoy repose.
Well, we shall wake from time's sad trance,
“Nous aurons toujours le Dimanche.”

Oh, day without a cloud, thy dawn
With ruby tints will bring the morn !
No rainbow light and shade shall twine,
But cloudless skies for ever shine.

Earth's tired spirits then are free,
Their life one Sabbath holiday.
They sing, as o'er the past they glance,
“Nous avons toujours *un Dimanche.*”

A MINISTER'S PRAYER ON A SABBATH MORNING.

DEAR is the day this morning ushers in,
A day of praise and prayer ;
Oh ! be the effort mine those hearts to win,
Who at this moment are the slaves of sin,
And thus the joy of angels I shall share.

Oh could I hope *one* spirit's love to gain,
For Him who left the dead,
And now at God's right hand forgets his pain,
Whose love to souls as ardent doth remain,
As when on Calvary for souls he bled !

Thy saints to cheer, their trembling hope to raise,
I trust has oft been mine ;
But while the ransomed sing thy lofty praise,
Oh, let the wanderer weep o'er other days,
And vow, in silence, ever to be thine !

A SABBATH EVENING'S LAMENT.

'Tis true I've preached His word to-day,
 And many hearts have felt its power ;
 Youth's early bloom and man's decay
 Have triumphed in the sacred hour.
 But I no happiness have known,
 All blighted has my spirit been ;
 O God ! do not my work disown,
 Nor let my labour be my sin !

They sung His praise, my lips too moved,
 No joy within my spirit dwelt ;
 They prayed, no prayer my spirit soothed ;
 I preached, no gospel peace I felt ;
 Ah ! hard it is while others love
 To hear the words your lips express,
 While dark and saddened thoughts can prove,
 You have no help in your distress !

Yet, if I e'er rejoiced to find
My feeble lips had blessed a soul,
Then, gracious God ! oh, let my mind,
Still feel Thy power my sins control.
If but one wanderer has returned,
Led by my hand, to seek Thy love,
I ask, I beg, that joys confirmed
May still Thy blissful presencee prove.

This moment, at this midnight hour,
Some sleep in peace my speeoh hath blessed ;
And yet I feel no gentle power
Can give my trembling spirit rest.
I once did love Thee, leave me not ;
But while I all my faults confess,
Let not my name be quite forgot,
Still guide me in the wilderness !

PRAYER FOR THE WHOLE CHURCH.

LORD ! in every house of prayer,
 In thy grace and love be there !
 In the hot and sickly clime,
 'Midst the snow-clad hills sublime ;
 When thy people meet for prayer,
 In thy grace and love be there !

Pardon give each guilty breast,
 Which has fled to Thee for rest ;
 Bless the sable southern race,
 Cheer the Hindoo with Thy grace ;
 Through the earth relieve the breast
 Which has fled to Thee for rest !

Make thy converts faithful prove,
 Pure in action, warm in love ;
 Let no idols win their heart,
 From thy service to depart ;
 Till their death, oh, may they prove
 Pure in action, warm in love !

If, while we are met to pray,
Life is ebbing fast away ;
Gracious Saviour ! let Thy smile
Our dying brethren's woes beguile.
Hear us, Saviour ! when we pray
For Thy people far away !

ON A MISSIONARY MEETING IN MAY.

Why do the hoary head
And youthful strength combine ?
Why are the throngs of England's daughters led
To hall or hallowed shrine ?
No warlike trump I hear,
Nor shines the glittering targe, nor points the spear
Nor do fair hands the victor's brow entwine.

The holiest symphonies
Delight the listening ear,
And Him they sing who left his native skies
For shame and sorrow here.
He, now enshrined in light,
Awakes in hearts that love a pure delight,
And bids them haste to deeds to mercy dear.

These mingled thousands meet
The cross to raise,
And wake in savage breasts emotions sweet,
And tune their lips to praise.
May Heaven propitious smile,
May God be there the while,
And grant the boon for which each spirit prays !

Bright May ! a type thou art
Of joys to come.
Thy beauty bids the wintry night depart,
Thy songsters chase the gloom.
Thus may each distant isle
The songs of praise beguile,—
Thus may each wilderness with virtue bloom !

TO DEATH.

DEATH ! much reproached and injured name,
I hail thy aspect bright ;
The shadowy land, where thou dost dwell,
Is filled with glory's light.
And ere within the bowers of bliss
My soul at rest can be,
Thy hand my prison must unlock,
And set my spirit free.

We ne'er despise the gentle lips,
Which strive to calm our woe ;
And Him who makes our burden light
We treat not as our foe.
We love the hearts which feel for us,
Though vain their tears may prove ;
Then shall we, best and surest friend,
Withhold from thee our love ?

The sickness, pain, and mortal strife,
Which dying moments bring,
Is called thy work, as if thou then
Didst pierce with fatal sting.
But who, with gentle, kindest power,
Can make those woes to cease ?
'Tis thine, despised, yet friendly death,
To give that perfect peace.

Our woes, our sad expiring sighs,
Are children of the earth ;
Thy angel face and balmy wings
Proclaim a heavenly birth.
When dark corruption shall consume
Our flesh beneath the sod ;
Thy hand, O Death, shall safe conduct,
Our spirit to its God !

THE DEATH-BED.
—•—

NEAR and more near that hour drew on
When health and life must all be gone ;
Around his bed the sufferer threw
A glance of deep distress,
As though he wished those waiting knew
What lips cannot express.
Alas ! *they* ne'er had felt as he
Then suffered in his agony !
Had it been pain, had it been grief,
Their sympathy had given relief ;
'Twas more—a new and strong emotion
Came rolling on like waves of ocean :
A fainting frame, a struggling spirit—
A world to leave and to inherit—
Relaxing hold on all his trust—
Now left the best, untried the worst.
His friends might *other* help supply,
But could not aid him how to die.

And ever as the sick man turned
To scenes for long forgot,
Their view his frenzied vision spurned,
But oh ! they left him not.
Each deed undone, each actual crime.
Then crossed the fading stage of time,
And all, as on they passed away,
Reproved him of his sin :
Acquired a life, and seemed to say,
Too guilty thou hast been !
As in a dream strange monsters press
Around, and mock our helplessness ;
Shapes we have never seen before,
And never mortal being bore ;
We cry for aid and sleep departs,
And day relieves our troubled hearts :—
So on this dying couch there came
Forms human breath can never name.
But day did not dispel *his* dream,
He seeks in vain to-morrow's beam ;
Another world he then will see,
A state we call Eternity !

But now, to ease his tortured mind,
A FRIEND divine there came ;
From him the dying peace did find,
Oh, need we tell His name ?

In sacred writ that Friend is shown
With love to man impelled ;
To Him each mortal pang is known,
Each mortal pang He quelled.
The sufferer strained his eye to gain
That smile he knew would calm his pain.
With words benign his SAVIOUR spoke,
And eased his last, his dying stroke.
His fears were gone, his sins forgiven,
He leaves the earth with hope of heaven.

'Tis o'er—the frame has ceased the strife !
The spirit seeks another life.
Strange moment ! has that spirit fled ?
Is what we see, then, truly dead ?
That eye has not yet lost its fire—
When did the last faint breath expire ?
Ah ! vainly shall we seek to scan
That last, most solemn hour to man,
When life and death together come,
And give the soul another home.
Dark is that hour when life departs,
And loved ones leave our saddened hearts
Faith need be strong to pierce the gloom
Which hovers o'er a loved one's tomb—
We doubt that it can ever be

That corpse can live again—
Too great appears the mystery !

But now, disease and pain
Have snatched the spirit from our eyes,
Yet its forsaken cell shall rise !

Still faith prevails. And those who pray
 Around the dead man's bier,
Who let their fancy rove away
 To worlds without a tear,
List to the rustling golden wings,
 And angel forms descry,
Whose fingers wake the sweetest strings
 Of heavenly harmony ;
And though we may not well discern
 What strains of bliss they borrow,
Enough is heard this truth to learn,
 The dead is free from sorrow !
For angels came the soul to show
 More bliss than e'er it thought below !

THERE 'S NOTHING BRIGHT BUT HEAVEN."

MOORE.



How beautiful is this ! The arch of heaven,
With golden lamps hung thickly, seems to tell
Of majesty, and harmony, and love ;
Fit habitation for the immortal choir,
Who tune their harps of sweet and various note
To songs of rapture, changeless, without end.—
Thus while I mused, a thick and envious cloud
Hid all these beauties from my eager gaze.
E'en thus, I said. the joy of man departs !

Sure this is fair ! the prospect, opening wide,
Displays in nature's choicest dress the hills.
The vales, the forests, and the lawns,
With plenty stored ; while birds of every hue
Sing carols to the rising day.
Here let me rest, and lose my care awhile.
Thus while I mused, stern winter's icy hand

Plucked all the leaves, and bade the flow'rets die.
'Tis thus, I said, the hopes of men expire !

Was aught more lovely ever seen below ?
They are a happy pair,—they seem but one ;
United by the holiest bonds, their love
Burns bright upon the altar of the heart ;
Together now they smile, and now they weep,
Since all their joys and sorrows mutual prove.
Thus while I gazed, the dart of death, deep-fixed,
Forbade them more to feel affection's charm.
'Tis thus, I said, the loves of man decay !

This is a scene would cause all hearts to feel !
Low on the couch the dying pilgrim lies,
While those who called him theirs, give utterance
To agony intense, in sighs and tears.
His days are passed, his sand is all run out ;
One last exchanging look—he breathes no more.
Here while I mourned, a bright, a heavenly band,
His spirit took to realms of endless peace.
'Tis thus, I said, the joys of man begin !

SAUL.

—•—
 "And it came to pass when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand; so Saul was refreshed and was well."—*1 Samuel, xvi. 23.*

THE monarch sat upon his throne,
 Of Hebrew hosts the Lord ;
 All earthly pleasures were his own,
 Yet all his soul abhorred.

Dark frowns begirt his sullen brow,
 No former joys could please him now.
 His crown a useless burden seemed,
 And vain his purple robe he deemed.
 But *happy men* such things despise—
 To hold them little worth, is wise.
 But Saul no inward joy could feel,
 No smiles his spirit's grief could heal.

And why this fallen, gloomy mood ?
 Firm and erect his kingdom stood ;
 And Israel's sons and daughters showed
 The bliss that in their bosoms glowed.

In peace the holy rites were done,
The incense rose on high,
When morn appeared, and when the sun
Sunk in the western sky.
For God his chosen land had blessed,
No foe appeared, the sword had rest.
The monarch's grief was all his own—
He frowned, he sighed, he wept, *alone*.

And *one* there was alone,
Who all this tempest could dispel ;
His face with youthful beauty shone,
He tuned his harp full well.
In Bethlehem's fields the starry night
Oft listened to his songs ;
And there he learned that mystic might
Which put the spirit's foes to flight—
To melody such power belongs.
If his hand o'er the trembling wire was thrown,
The monarch looked up, and his woes were gone.

But partial was the joy thus gained,
The soul's deep grief returned ;
The passions dire, the memory pained,
The pride with envy burned.
Ah, fruitless is it oft to throw

A momentary gleam
On souls which guilty throbings know,
Their bliss is but a fleeting dream.
The earth is lightened by the day,
It has no *innate* fires ;
Its beauteous scenes all pass away
Whene'er the sun retires.
Even music's notes grow still and die,
Unless the skilful hand supply
New soul to give them melody.
Just so the heart of Saul appeared ;—
No inward peace his frame upreared.
He gazed one moment on the light,
That moment passed and all was night.

He died, and left this tale behind—
True bliss must dwell *within* the mind.
For beauty's eye may give a ray,
And minstrels please with magic lay,
And glittering wealth procure us friends,
Yet still the man with sorrow bends.
Learn then, the *heart within* must be
Attuned to virtue's melody.
Far sweeter tones will then be heard,
Than minstrel's lyre or voice e'er stirred.

THE SPIRIT'S WELCOME TO HEAVEN.

—♦—

STRETCH thy new wings and fly,
 Thy heaven is full in view ;
 Angelic messengers are nigh,
 They wait for you !

Why dost thou look amazed,
 On all this glory round ?
 Such bliss by those whom grace hath raised
 Is always found.

Thy young, immortal eyes
 Will soon their vigour find ;
 Then thou wilt see what heaven supplies
 To feed thy mind.

Go ! drink of that pure fount,
 And be for ever blest ;
 Beneath yon shady, flowery mount
 Enjoy thy rest.

Think not of earth—'tis past,—
Thy dark abode too long ;
This is thy home ; its joys will last ;
Come, join the waiting throng !

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATER.

Jeremiah ii. 13.

THROUGH the lone waste a silver stream there glides,
The softest verdure well adorns its sides ;
The pilgrim there may sit the live-long day,
And with its varied sweets wile the dull hours away ;
Can slake his thirst on that pure fountain's brink,
And, when he tastes the stream, new vigour drink.
This silver stream seems for the pilgrim made ;
Its waters give him strength, its trees afford him shade.

But lo ! perverse of heart and proud of soul,
He leaves the fount from which such pleasures roll ;
Goes madly on through the hot, sandy wild,
Where never streamlet ran, and never flow'ret smiled ;
Then, with his palm, scoops the parched sand away,
That he may force some hidden spring to day ;
This having found he hastens the bliss to share,
But bitter is the well which his own skill discovered
there.

Then, late, he mourns that e'er his heart should spurn
That lovely spot,—and now would wisdom learn :
The boon which God bestows he now does prize ;
He soon regains the stream, and lifts to heaven his eyes.—
“ Thou living fount ! from which pure pleasures roll,
Thyself alone can satisfy my soul !
The cisterns which these hands did madly rear
Did bitter waters hold,—no living spring was there !”

CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

“ If God be for us, who can be against us ?”—*Romans viii. 31.*

THEN, warrior, look not on the foe,
But, armed with courage, strike the blow ;
The thickest phalanx then is broke
If God’s own arm direct the stroke.
What though thy friends around thee die,
And thou all faint dost feel ;
Resume the charge, and victory
Thy wounds shall quickly heal !
The gales from yonder land of rest
Remind thee of those spirits blest
Who once were weak and tired like thee—
And can’t *thou* from the battle flee ?
From heaven the golden crown is seen.

The softest music meets thine ear ;
Then let thy spirit be serene,
And banished every fear.
If the Lord of the battle defend with his shield.
To the arms of the mighty thou never shalt yield.

TO MY FIRST-BORN.



FLOWER of the desert ! open to the light ;
'Midst gloomy scenes unveil thy hues so bright :
A *sterile* soil indeed invites thy stay,
And gales too keen around thy beauties play,
And cankering blights all threaten thy decay.

The wanderers love thee who have seen thy birth ;
Thy tender form bedecks this spot of earth.
Alas ! how hard thy budding life to save !
Some hand may pluck thee, or the winds may rave,
And lay thee helpless in the silent grave.

Sweet flower ! if fond affection's wish be thine,
If fervent prayers can reach thy Maker's shrine,
Thou still wilt flourish to repay our care
Till better climes and milder, purer, air,
Shall see thee grow more safe, more strong, more fair.

TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

FORTH from thy closet go,
 Resolved thy Master's toil to share ;
 O'er thy young charge let warm affections glow ;
 Mild, earnest, patient, every word should show
 Your heart is fitted for its work by prayer !

Early on Sabbath morn,
 Decked in no vain or gaudy dress,
 Appear as one whom angels' hands adorn,
 Rich in those charms, remote from pride and scorn ;
 Meekness and truth are heaven's own loveliness.

E'en as a twinkling star
 Illumes the earth with mellow light ;
 Love such as thine will shed its beauty far,
 Without the glare of pride its rays to mar,
 Yet making all around it pure and bright.

A task like thine is dear,
Let sordid minds think what they may ;
Ever of want of skill dismiss thy fear ;
Let duty's present peace thy labours cheer ;
Resolve to do thy Saviour's will to-day !

ON READING LORD BROUGHAM'S EULOGY
ON CLARKSON.

AND is it true the heart that gave
To thousands freedom's pleasures,
Too feeble proved from death to save
Its holiest, dearest, treasures ?
Ah ! often thus a joy we give
To those whose good we seek,
While cares and wasting sorrows leave
The tear-drop on our cheek !

Blest sufferer ! well the cause you know,
Which took your hopes away ;
They fled lest you should heaven forego,
Or make this earth your stay.
The cup of triumph *Freedom* filled,
Seem'd not for mortal meet ;
Religion drops of grief distilled,
With bitter mixed the sweet.

But not for ever shalt thou weep ;
That careful, furrowed, brow
Will rise, refreshed by peaceful sleep,
As ne'er it rises now.
The smile which then illumines thy face
No cloud will dash away ;
There freedom's crown and friendship's grace
May deck thy lasting day !

ARCHDEACON TATTAM.

SIMPLE, frank, retiring, mild,
A man in sense, in heart a child ;
On Ouse's banks those graces shine,
Which show the Pastor's work divine ;
The Church of Christ can look to thee,
Its teacher and its guard to be.

But other climes thy zeal have seen,
To lands remote thy steps have been ;
Where Nilus pours its swelling flood,
'Mongst Egypt's ruins thou hast stood,
The spoils of distant years to take,
And claim them for the Church's sake.

Old Syria's lore, by monks despised,
Thy far-discerning eye hath prized ;
The membrane frail, the ink decayed,
To speak the words of truth are made.
On truth's pure altar thou dost spread
These relics of the distant dead.

No blazoned heraldry by thee
Is brought to grace man's ancestry ;
The fading records thou dost hold
Have no concern with pride or gold.
Each weary step thy feet have trod
Has aimed to bless the Church of God !

“ MY SON, GIVE ME THY HEART.”

GIVE now your heart to God : He well deserves
From hands like yours to take the precious treasure ;
He made it first, its powers He still preserves,
To make it pure His care has known no measure.
Oh, grant without delay
A boon for which Omnipotence doth pray !

Around your children warm affections rove,
 You long to make their hearts become your own ;
No bliss for you is like the well-earned love
 That springs from seeds of love your hands have sown.
 Oh, why thus seek to gain
From them, what God of you implores in vain !

’Twere hard if you could never pluck a flower
 From plants both raised and watered by your hand ;
Nor fragrance catch whene’er a passing shower
 Sweet odours raises as the buds expand.
 God makes your heart to bloom ;
Forbid Him not within its bowers to come.

Oh, highly honoured man ! that such a guest
 Should deign to ask within thy heart a home.
Henceforth, let reason never be at rest
 While this great Friend without thy doors shall roam ;
 Let sighs and tears declare
You beg for evermore his presence there !

TO A CHILD PRAYING.



Now thou art on thy knees ! may no event
 In after life thy lowly posture alter ;
 Oh ! be thy early prime in prayer spent,
 And never may thy youthful purpose falter.
 In early life, oh ! link thyself with God,
 The snares of time are thus with ease withstood !

Soon Pleasure's syren voice will bid thee rise,
 And tell thee thou hast learned to pray too soon ;
 Could I by art a silver chain devise
 I'd give it thee as my most precious boon,
 To bring thee to thy knees and keep thee there.
 A child, a youth, a man, of earnest prayer !

Alas ! *thy* will, not *mine*, the work must do,
 The task be mine that will to mould and bend ;
 Whatever joys thy onward path may strew,
 Oh think, my child, thy course will quickly end.
 In death's last struggle if thy God be there,
 He 'll come in answer to a life of prayer !

TO MY SON ROSCOE.



YOUR mother says you 're five years old,
A fact I had forgot :
Yet think not that my love is cold,
My heart forgets you not.
'Tis late, my boy, the weary hour
Concludes a varied day ;
Yet still for you I 'll try my power
This twenty-ninth of May !

When you were born the day was bright,
The garden gay with flowers ;
The month which gave you to our sight,
Was made of sunny hours ;
But now with frolic face and glee,
You in the garden play,
And in your heart no care can be,
This twenty-ninth of May.

Full soon the rose upon your cheek
A manly hue will show ;
And anxious thoughts their biddings speak,
Where now joy's visions glow.
One boon I crave for you my boy—
For this heaven hear me pray,—
Midst cares and griefs I wish thee joy,
Each twenty-ninth of May.

When youth is past and health is fled,
(For youth and health will flee),
When I am numbered with the dead,
Still, Roscoe, hopeful be.
God grant you then the tear may dry,
Which falls for those away ;
In hope to meet beyond the sky,
In heaven's unfading May ! . .

CORK, 29th May, 1839.

TO A LITTLE GIRL.
—•—

REMEMBER, my pretty young friend,
That you live in a beautiful world,
And life's early years you should spend,
With the wings of your fancy unfurled;
You should pay frequent visits to flowers,
And mark how in Spring they do grow,
Till they climb up the sides of the bowers,
And give sweet perfume as they blow.

The bright-spangled robe of the sky
Every night is spread out to your view,
And each star which then glitters on high
Teaches lessons of wisdom to you.
In the flowers and the stars you may see
The hand of your Maker displayed,
For who their Creator can be,
But the God who your spirit has made ?

He dwells in His palace above,
And His throne all the angels surround ;
Yet such is His kindness and love,
That this world with His works doth abound.
Every blossom which brightens the tree,
Every star with its pencils of light,
To this God your conductor should be,
Alike in the day and the night.

TO THE SAME.

LAUGHING, tearful, wayward being,
Thy face is like an April day,
Now from tasks and duties fleeing,
Now resolved on toys and play.
Yet much I love
With thee to prove
The pleasures which now make thee gay.

I would not have thee feel the sorrow
Which will dim an older eye ;
Laugh to-day, for on the morrow
Cares will come to make thee sigh.

Had I my will,
Thy heart I 'd fill,
With future bliss a large supply.

Yes ! you 're like the arch o'er-bending,
Made by sun and rain in spring ;
Smiles and tears their beauties blending,
To your face its charm do bring.

I ever pray,
Each passing day,
To rainbow hopes thy heart may cling !

THE END.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

- | | | |
|--|--------------|---|
| The Marchioness of Bute. | Six copies. | J. Wilson, Esq., Editor of "North of Scotland Gazette." |
| Lady Adelaide Hastings. | Two copies. | S. Austin, Esq., Editor of "Herts Mercury." Six copies. |
| The Duke of Bedford. | | Mr. Nicholls, Battersea. Two copies. |
| Samuel Crawley, Esq., Stockwood. | | The Rev. J. M. Soule, Battersea. |
| Lionel Ames, Esq., The Hyde, Luton. | Two copies. | Mr. G. Alder, London. |
| J. Shaw Leigh, Esq., Luton Hoo. | Four copies. | Mr. Chabot, London. |
| Sir C. E. Eardley, Bart. | | Mr. Frisby, Oakham. |
| H. Brandreth, Esq., Houghton. | Four copies. | N. Gedye, Esq., Walworth. |
| The Rev. W. Mc Douall, M.A., Luton. | Two copies. | The Rev. J. Angus, A.M., Principal of Baptist College, Stepney. |
| The Rev. T. Sikes, M.A., Luton. | Two copies. | The Rev. W. H. Murch, D.D., late Principal of Baptist College, Stepney. Two copies. |
| The Rev. T. F. Foord-Bowes, D.D. | Two copies. | Mr. Francis, Hertford. |
| The Rev. J. Pye Smith, D.D. | | F. J. Law, Esq., Chelmsford. Two copies. |
| Frederick Burr, Esq., Luton. | | The Rev. S. Davidson, LL.D., Manchester Independent College. |
| Mr. Tranter, Luton. | | E. B. Underhill, Esq., Secretary of Baptist Missionary Society. |
| Mr. Attenborough, London. | | The Rev. F. Trestrail, Secretary of Baptist Missionary Society. |
| Edward Beck, Esq., Editor of "The Florist." | Two copies. | The Rev. W. W. Pym, M.A., Wil- lian. |
| John Lindley, Esq., Ph.D., Professor of Botany, &c. | | Miss Pyer, Author of "Wild Flowers," &c., Devonport. |
| The Rev. Henry Tattam, LL.D., Archdeacon of Bedford. | Two copies. | T. Sworder, Esq., Hertford. |
| Thomas Vyse, Esq., London. | Two copies. | The Rev. W. Upton, St. Alban's. |
| Mr. Heaton, Leeds. | | The Rev. O. Winslow, Leaming-ton. |
| D. Macallan, Esq., Aberdeen. | Two copies. | The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL.D., Hack- ney. |
| | | The Rev. D. Katterns, Hackney. |

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

- The Rev. E. Adey, Leighton.
Miss Hall, Market Harborough.
Two copies.
Messrs. Lane, Berkhamstead.
Two copies.
Mrs. Hunt, Luton.
C. H., Luton.
E. C. Williamson, Esq., Luton.
C. A. Austin, Esq., Luton.
Mr. D. Lane, Luton.
W. Barker, Esq., Islington.
S. M. Peto, Esq., London.
Mr. M. H. Cowell, Southwark.
Mrs. Sarl, Tulse Hill. Two copies.
Joseph Sarl, Esq., Brixton.
The Rev. G. Browne, Secretary of
Bible Society. Two copies.
Joseph Payne, Esq., Temple. Two
copies.
Messrs. Paul & Son, Cheshunt.
Mrs. John Jones, Luton.
The Rev. T. P. Bull, Newport.
George Dawson, Esq., A.M., Bir-
mingham.
The Rev. R. Robinson, Luton.
Mr. W. Hill, Wellington Street,
Luton.
Mr. F. Pryor, Luton.
Miss Swarder, Westmill.
Mr. Merritt, Luton.
Robert Waller, Esq., New York.
Two copies.
Mr. Charles Waller, Luton.
H. Sibley, Esq., Luton.
Mrs. Gilbert, Luton.
Mrs. Wood, Dunstable St., Luton.
Mr. Busby, Stockwood.
Mr. Fish, Putteridge Bury.
Frederick Austin, Esq., Luton.
Miss Vyse, Luton.
Mr. Wiseman, Luton.
- Mr. Frederick Pigott, Luton.
The Rev. W. Tomkins, M.A., Bath.
Mr. J. Burgess, Walworth.
Mr. John Burgess, Old Kent Road.
Mr. M. Burgess, Walworth.
Mr. Pledge, Luton.
Mr. W. Cotchin, Luton.
Mr. Thomas Barrett, Luton.
Mr. F. Brown, Luton.
Mr. S. Lane, Luton.
Mr. J. Heel, Luton.
Miss Lane, Luton.
J. Waller, Esq., Jun., Luton. Two
copies.
Mr. John Lane, Luton.
Mr. Holyoak, Luton.
Mr. G. Jordan, Luton.
Mr. Cumberland, Luton.
Mrs. Burr, Luton.
Mrs. F. Harrison, Croydon.
The Rev. J. S. Bright, Dorking.
Miss Burgess, Kennington.
Mrs. Butlin, Luton. Two copies.
R. Vyse, Esq., Luton. Two copies.
Mr. Morrison, Dublin.
P. Benson, Esq., Luton.
Mr. Henry Brown, Luton.
Mr. H. Cameron, St. Alban's.
Mr. Castleden, Woburn.
The Rev. J. A. James, Birming-
ham. Two copies.
Mr. Anstee, Jun., Lewsey.
Mr. W. H. Higgins, Luton.
Mrs. Smith, Birmingham.
The Rev. J. Leifchild, D.D., Lon-
don. Two copies.
Mr. Philips, Luton.
Mr. W. Bolton, Luton.
The Rev. A. Reed, D.D. Two
copies.

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 366 676 5

PR
4271
B4A17
1850

